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THE PECK CO.,

St. Johnsbury,

Groton.

Death of Webster Stevens After a Long Illness.

Webster Stevens died at his home in this place early Friday morning after a lingering illness with consumption. The funeral was held at the Baptist church Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. S. H. Myers officiating. Mr. Stevens was born at Sheffield October 25, 1860. Several years ago he moved to this town where he worked at the granite business as long as his health permitted. He is survived by his wife, mother and five children, who have the sympathy of the entire community.

Arthur Bonzie, with his sister, Miss Lillian of Matapan, Mass., who have been spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Paige, have returned home.

Mrs. Lillian Wiley of Boltonville is working in the home of Noah Emery.

Morris Coffrin of Burlington spent Labor day with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Coffrin.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Morrison left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Manchester, N. H.

John Wilson and family of Kansas visited Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Whitehill last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hazelton and nephew, Allen Towne, of Manchester, N. H., who have been visiting friends in this vicinity, left Thursday for Thetford, where they will spend a few days before returning home.

Mrs. Ida Smith, who has been sick for the past two weeks, is reported better.

Miss Kathryn Hatch of Newbury spent several days in town last week. George Olney has taken the contract to carry the scholars from the school house in District No. 1 to the village this fall.

C. M. Coffrin returned to Montpelier Wednesday, having spent a few days at home.

George W. Pillsbury and friend of Keene, N. H., are spending their vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Pillsbury.

Miss Marion Blanchard was called to Lakeport, N. H., last week to attend the funeral of a relative.

Miss Bessie Ricker, who has been very sick for the past few weeks, is gaining slowly.

Mrs. George Lovejoy of Manchester, N. H., returned home Thursday after a few days spent with her father, Aaron Frost.

The annual sale of the Methodist church will be held at the opera house October 5 and 6.

Mrs. G. H. Pillsbury, Mrs. W. W. Pillsbury, Miss Sybil Sawyer and Waldo Pillsbury of Keene, N. H., called on Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Pillsbury at Barre Sunday.

G. H. Pillsbury, Waldo Pillsbury, Carrie Chalmers and Miss Sybil Sawyer enjoyed an automobile trip through the White Mountains Monday.

Roy Heath of Woodville, N. H., is spending a short vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heath.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Card of Thanks.

Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Phillips and daughter Elma wish to express their deepest gratitude to brethren in the ministry who assisted in the funeral services of their daughter and sister Clara, to the Free Baptist church of this place, to the Free Baptist Sunday school of Sheffield, to Brookside Lodge, I. O. of G. T., and to the many friends and neighbors of Sheffield and St. Johnsbury for their beautiful floral tributes; to Miss Emma G. Brown and Mrs. Inez Jones for songs and hymns, and all those who comforted us by their presence, tears and words of sympathy and to the neighbors and church members who rendered us so much assistance.

REV. AND MRS. E. B. PHILLIPS, BROOKSIDE LODGE, I. O. of G. T., ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., SEPT. 13, 1910.

Ricker's Local Market.

The receipts at W. A. Ricker's market for the week ending Sept. 12, 1910 were: Poultry, 3500 lbs. @ 10 to 11 cents. Lambs, 400 @ 3 to 6 cents. Hogs, 275 @ 7½ to 8 cents. Cattle, 100 @ 2½ to 5 cents. Calves, 265 @ 3½ to 7 cents. Milch cows, 25 @ \$25 to \$55.

The Old Fashioned Woman.

"What caused your sudden blowing in?" asked a veteran in Shade Land of a woman who just arrived. The woman gave a sigh that blew over a tombstone as she replied: "I am an old fashioned woman, and I did my work in a kitchen with a six hole range, a big sink, three long tables, two pantries and a dishpan large enough to wash a turkey in. Two days ago I went to visit my daughter in a big city and found her cooking for her family in a chafing dish, doing her dishes in a washbowl and keeping them stored in the lower part of the washstand. When I saw her get the bread out of a big bowl on the piano called a jardiniere and reach for the butter out of the window I felt a cold chill come over me, and when she made soup by opening a tin can and pouring out a mess to which she added water from the wash pitcher I knew no more." Then the old fashioned woman gave such a sniff of disgust it blew all the shades over into the next county.—Aitchison Globe.

Trapped.

The man was neither neatly nor well dressed. He was plainly a tramp, begging, and had just turned away from one passerby when he saw a young man walking briskly toward him. "Hes, mister," said the tramp, "can you give me a dime to get something to eat?"

The young man stopped. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Can't get work," said the other glibly. "I haven't had a bite to eat since yesterday morning. Pawned all my clothes 'cepting these. Slept under a wharf for a week, and I don't know anybody in the whole city—honest, I don't."

The young man looked at the tramp's smooth face, over which a razor had evidently passed very recently.

"Who shaved you this morning?" he asked, and as the beggar faded away the young man grinned and walked on down the street.—Youth's Companion.

A Master Tactician.

"Why," expostulated the lady in the brown dress when the artist who had painted a portrait of her little daughter said the price of the picture was \$100, "you charged Mrs. Crawford only \$68 for the picture you painted of her Lucy?"

"I am aware of that fact, my dear madam," the suave and polite artist hastened to explain, "but you must consider the great difference in the costs of the paints used for the hair of the two children. The scant, drab colored hair of the Crawford child required just a touch of the cheapest kind of pigment, but the wonderfully beautiful and luxuriant curls of your lovely daughter required a large quantity of the best paints on the market."

"Then the lady in the brown dress smiled, took out her purse and begged the artist's pardon for having spoken rudely to him.—Chicago News.

The Battle of Chalons.

There have been so many bloody battles it is perhaps impossible to say with absolute certainty which of them all was the bloodiest, but the balance of the evidence seems to be in favor of the battle of Chalons, France, fought A. D. 451 between the Huns, under Attila, and the Romans, Goths and Franks, under the command of Aetius, the most renowned captain of his day. At the head of his 500,000 of savages Attila was having everything his own way, and it looked as if Aryan civilization was destined to fall before the Tartar despotism, when suddenly, like the bolt out of the blue, Aetius fell upon the barbaric hordes and Europe was saved. It is estimated that 400,000 of the barbarians were left dead on the field.

Couldn't Frighten Him.

An Indian maharajah once received Lord Clive, the famous soldier, in his palace court. Presently in sprang two whopping big Bengal tigers, as big as ever green. They rolled and sprawled and romped all over the court, growled, spit and struck at each other. All the time the rajah slyly and snidely stole glances at Clive to see if it would scare him green white. After a little the tigers were driven out. Clive smoked his cheroot all the while.

Birds and Lightning.

Birds are sometimes struck by lightning. Darwin records the case of a wild duck that he saw struck by a bolt while flying. It was killed instantly and fell to the ground. But birds seem to know instinctively that lightning is to be feared. That perhaps is why they seek shelter in thunderstorms. The sudden disappearance of the birds is, indeed, in the country one of the surest signs of an approaching tempest.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Paid For Style.

"Room and a bath, sir," said the hotel clerk politely, "\$2 a day." "I said room and bath, young man," interrupted the pompous man. "Understand—bath!" "Oh, room and bath? Beg pardon, sir. Then the rates will be \$5 a day."—Pittsburg Press.

A Gentle Hint.

Young Man—Your twin daughters seem absolutely inseparable. The Mother—Oh, I don't know. A young man with half a million, like yourself, ought to make good as a separator.—Chicago News.

A Clumsy Compliment.

She (to partner claiming first dance)—You are an early bird, Mr. Glossheart. He (gallantly)—Yes; and, by Jove, I've caught the worm!—London M. A. P.

This world is to the sharpest, heaven to the most worthy.—Cicero.

The Chamois Trail.

Every day at noon at Grindelwald there is a rush of visitors for the telescopes in order to gaze at one of the most interesting natural scenes in the Alps, "the chamois trail." Regularly at this hour a herd of twenty to thirty chamois may be seen passing in Indian file up the yawning abysses of the precipitous Mettenberg rocks, separating two glaciers, the male animals leading the way, the king of the herd keeping twenty yards in advance and on the watch. At the bottom of the Mettenberg, where the slope is freed from snow, the chamois find a meager subsistence when their usual feeding grounds are under deep snow. It is a curious fact that the chamois descend to their feeding grounds at dawn, when there is little likelihood of avalanches, and return to their haunts at an hour when avalanches—for this portion of the mountain has frequent avalanches—have already failed and the danger is past.—Geneva Cor. Fall Mail Gazette.

Pussy and the Burglar.

A good dog has hitherto been considered the best protection against burglars, but a certain old lady differs from this view. She believes in cats, and her house being broken into not long ago, she proceeded to put her theory into practice, and with marvelous good results. The midnight burglar had not long struck when she heard unusual sounds in the hall below. She slipped out of bed, took her faithful feline in her arms and walked quietly on to the landing. She leaned over the burglar who was on the stairs. Suddenly in an unlucky moment he struck a match upon the staircase. The lady could see the burglar, but the burglar could not see the lady. She held puss up and then dropped her upon the burglar's head. The cat uttered an unearthly screech and then commenced to scratch for all it was worth. Puss was certainly the willing worker. The next instant the man was outside in the street.—Manchester Guardian.

Whistler's Friendships.

That Whistler, the man of famous enemies, had faithful friends is recalled by Ford Madox Hueffer, writing of the pre-Raphaelites in Harper's Magazine. Madox Brown had a circular printed drawing the attention of all his old patrons to the merits of Whistler's etchings and begging them in the most urgent terms to make purchases because Whistler was in indigent circumstances. The story is that upon one occasion Madox Brown, going to a tea party at the Whistlers' in Chelsea, was met in the hall by Mrs. Whistler, who begged him to go to the poultryer's and purchase a pound of butter. The bread was cut, but there was nothing to put upon it. There was no money in the house, the poultryer had cut off his credit, and Mrs. Whistler said "she dared not send her husband, for he would certainly punch the tradesman's head."

Why He Waited.

The man who is anxiously watching the steeple jack at work 300 feet from the ground is approached by a passing acquaintance.

"Hello, Brown!" says the latter. "Are you still here?" It's fully an hour ago that I saw you standing in the very same spot."

"That fellow up there gives me the cold shivers," says Brown. "He makes me feel weak in the knees."

"Going back to your office?" inquires the friend.

"I guess so," Brown reluctantly replies. "There doesn't seem to be much use in waiting any longer. I don't believe he is going to fall."

And he turned away with a lingering glance at the intrepid jack.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Great Age of Halley's Comet.

While Halley's comet has been identified as a member of our system for over 2,000 years, certain characteristics of its orbit lead us to believe that it has been with us at least ten or perhaps 100 times as long as that. According to all accounts, it was a magnificent object at the time of the Norman conquest in 1066. Its head was equal to the full moon in size, and its tail increased to a wonderful length.—Century.

A Queer Hiding Place.

During a furious storm in Paris a janitor was struck on the shoulder by a small but heavy tin box which had fallen from an upper story of a house in the Rue de l'Oratoire. The box was found to contain \$6,000 in gold and notes. It was claimed at the police station by an elderly woman, who said that the money constituted her entire savings, which she had hidden by tying the box to the drainpipe outside her window.

Another Theory Demolished.

"It costs nothing to be polite." "You're wrong. While I was politely picking up a glove for a lady yesterday my new four dollar hat blew off and rolled in front of a passing trolley car."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How He Got Out of It.

"My dear, before marriage you told me all your doings." "Yes, but now I have come to think such talk savors too much of egotism."—Lippincott's.

Inherited.

Knicker—Jones is all the time wanting more money. Bocker—No wonder; his father was a college president and his mother was a woman.—New York Sun.

He only confers favors generously who appears, when they are once conferred, to remember them no more.—Johnson.

Poor Pickings.

The new boarder had never been on a farm before. She was filled with interest and delight in everything she saw. On the morning after her arrival she saw Mrs. Howe apparently picking berries from some pretty green plants beyond the wall as she strolled in the road.

"Those are charming little plants," she said, pausing, with her eyes fixed on a pall which hung on Mrs. Howe's arm. "What kind of berries grow on them? Does it take long to fill a pall like that?"

Mrs. Howe looked down into the pall with a meditative air and answered the second question.

"I should hope 'twould," she replied. "What kind of berries are they?" persisted the young woman. "I can't quite see. What are you picking?"

"Tater bugs," said Mrs. Howe as she made another contribution to the depths of the pall.—Youth's Companion.

Public Speaking Explained.

The Japanese visitor to the city was asked to make an after dinner speech. He arose and began quaintly.

"I often wonder," he said, "why it is you Americans will hinder your digestion by making these after dinner speeches. We Japanese rest after our meals. It is much better. I know that I traveled with a Japanese legation over the United States, and everywhere the Americans would make us dine, then ask us for speeches afterward. We would much rather have dined at our hotels and retired afterward to rest for the following day. I asked some one why it was, this universal after dinner speechmaking among the American men at public dinners, and he replied that the American man never had a chance to say anything at home and that was why."—New York Press.

Had a Good Reason.

Dan, a colored man, was employed as porter in a mercantile establishment in a town in Florida, and his duties required him to have the store swept by 7 o'clock in the morning. He had been late for many mornings, and on the sixteenth consecutive time his employer remonstrated with him thus.

"Dan, why can't you get here on time?"

"Well, Mr. L.," said Dan, "yer see, I live the other side of Mount Hermon cemetery and can't always get yere on time."

"Why in the world do you live so far from your work?" said his employer.

"Without a moment's hesitation Dan responded.

"Yer see, it's dis yere way, Mr. L.—I'll be honest wid yer—I wants a home beyond the grave."

Testing His Scales.

"Thank heaven, James has quit calling me Baby!" said the woman who weighs over 200 pounds. "A strange butcher shamed him out of it. It was done unconsciously too. That is why it was so effective. Since I began to diet I have been weighed often. The other day when James was buying liver for the cat he remarked that he wished there were reliable scales in the neighborhood to weigh Baby on."

"Said the butcher, 'Bring her down here.'"

"Thanks," said James; "I will." "James told me the butcher was expecting us, so we went. He was ready for us. He had rigged up a nice little shawl arrangement suspended from the hanging scales to put baby in, and then he was introduced to me. James hasn't called me Baby since."—New York Times.

Curious Old English Law.

It is interesting to recall in connection with railway accidents that only a few years back any instrument which by accident was the immediate cause of loss of human life became in English law "deadand"—that is, became forfeit to the crown, to be devoted to pious purposes. This law applies to locomotives, but in course of time coroners' juries, instead of claiming the forfeit, inflicted a fine. In the year 1838 a locomotive on the Liverpool and Manchester line which by exploding caused the death of its engineer and fireman was fined £20, while the following year another engine on the same line was fined £1,400.

Making Sure.

"Johnnie?" "Yes'm?" "Why are you sitting on that boy's face?"

"Why, I—"

"Did I not tell you to always count a hundred before you gave way to passion and struck another boy?"

"Yes'm, and I'm doin' it; I'm just sittin' on his face so he'll be here when I'm done countin' the hundred."—Houston Post.

Napoleon's English.

Napoleon I. began to learn English at St. Helena, and there is a letter extant from him which begins: "Since six weeks I learn the English and I do not any progress. Six weeks do forty and two days. If I might have learn fifty word for day I could know it two thousands and two hundred."

Lucky Dog.

"My wife is excessively fond of her poodle. Actually, I'm beginning to look on it as a sort of a rival to me." "Say, you're lucky. I'm only a sort of a rival to my wife's poodle."—Kansas City Times.

Her Excuse.

Widow (to dressmaker)—You must really wait awhile for payment for the mourning dresses. We are still too sorrowful to consider financial matters.

NORTH DANVILLE.

Mrs. B. G. Varnum is visiting her daughter, May D. Varnum of Nashua, N. H.

Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Higgins attended the yearly meeting of the Free Baptists held at Waterbury Center the past week.

Miss Ruth Gates of South Ryegate is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. F. R. Palmer.

Mrs. W. D. Godfrey of Newport and son, Willie, are visitors at F. E. Bickford's.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Gage are calling on friends about here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hubbard of Hardwick are visiting relatives about here, coming in their automobile.

The musical recital and reading given by Mr. and Mrs. A. Merton Chickering at the church last Thursday evening, was well attended and much enjoyed by all who attended.

The reception given by H. B. Ward last Wednesday evening in honor of being elected representative to the general assembly on the day previous, was largely attended, it being estimated that over 300 people were present. Danville band furnished good music for the occasion. Several speeches were made and refreshments of sandwiches, cake, coffee and ice cream were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Sanborn and children of Claremont, N. H., recently visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Sanborn, and other friends and relatives about here, also Fred Sanborn of Burlington has spent the past week about here with relatives.

Our National Game.

"The raw American citizen," says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, "who takes his seat at a ball game for the first time feels as he would should he drop into the Metropolitan Opera House and find himself hearing Wagnerian opera from a seat in the midst of seasoned German opera goers. He hears a language that is new to him. The man at his right can tell more about the first baseman's peculiarities than he could tell about the manners of his own wife. The man at his left has trouble remembering the size collar he wears, but he can name every man in every club of both major leagues, tell the age of each, give the complete table of batting records offhand and recite, item by item, every feature of every game played on the home grounds during the last five years. That is why baseball is our national game. We love the game not because we are Chicagoans and the Chicago nine wins nor because we are Pittsburghers and the Pittsburgh nine is winning, but because we are educated in baseball and like to see a good game played by the best men in their field that can be found in the world."

Her Father's Job.

The young daughter of a popular Chicago clergyman some time ago manifested a quick wit. Her father had gone on a brief holiday with a business parishioner and associate, and the talk of the children turned on the problem of which father needed the rare rest most sorely.

"Well, I think my father works the hardest," said little Miss Business, "and his work keeps him stirred up and anxious most of the time."

"Your father may work the hardest in one way," was little Miss Clergyman's answer, at once thoughtful and diplomatic, "but I think he gets more rest as he goes along. You see, he can let down a little evenings and Sundays, and if he gets cross and nervous nobody says anything. But my daddy has to be better than ever Sundays and evenings, because then everybody's taking notice and the whole lot of us children are around."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Shortened His Wait.

"Experience," said Mark Twain once, "makes us wise, but it also makes us hard. Consider the old, experienced man in the busy restaurant. He took a seat, looked round him and, pointing to a well dressed gentleman who had not yet been served, said to the waiter:

"Waiter, how long has that gentleman been here?"

"About twelve minutes, sir," the waiter answered.

"What's his order?"

"Porterhouse and French fried, sir, with mince pie and coffee to come."

"The old man, hardened by experience, slipped a quarter in the waiter's hand.

"Waiter," he said, "I'm in a hurry. Put on another porterhouse and bring me his."

A Better Position.

"Why did Dollarby sell his hotel?" "He wasn't making money fast enough."

"What is he doing now?"

"He's luxuriating in the position of head waiter."—Pearson's Weekly.

That Boy Again.

Mrs. Boardman—I ordered lamb and you sent me mutton.

Butcher—It was lamb when it left here, mum.—Judge's Library.

Good reasons must, of course, give place to better.—Shakespeare.

SUTTON.

Death of Mrs. Isaac La Clair—Town and Personal Affairs.

Mrs. Isaac La Clair, who has been sick and a great sufferer from an internal cancer, died Sunday evening, the 4th. Her funeral was held at Barton at the Catholic church Wednesday morning. She leaves a husband and several children to mourn their loss.

Freeman's meeting the 6th was a very rainy day and not a large vote was cast. There seemed to be great indifference on the part of the voters, there being nearly 70 names on the check list out of about 200 that did not vote at all.

E. L. Macy and Ora Jessiman are to move to their new homes this week, they having exchanged places. Less than a month now remains in which to pay taxes and save the discount.

Chandler and family are expected to return from their vacation this week and services will be held at the church next Sunday as usual.

Farmers are digging their potatoes and find they are rotting badly.

Miss Madge Burnham returned to her school at Lyndon Center the past week where she teaches in the primary department at that school.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Prior from Massachusetts visited at W. I. Campbell's the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Potter from St. Johnsbury, who visited at C. W. Peck's the past few weeks, returned to their home Monday night.

Miss Fanny Hastings has had a very nice monument erected at the family lot in memory of her father and mother.

Herbert Burnham, who has been at a hotel in New York the past summer, returned home here Saturday. He is to return to Middlebury college in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Harris of Lyndon visited their mother, Mrs. O. E. Harris several days recently.

Carydon Parker has been making changes on the inside of his house, David Smith of West Burke doing the work.

C. A. Aldrich and friends visiting him attended the Barton fair the past week.

There being no service at the church here Sunday morning some attended services at West Burke. Miss Flora McLaughlin, who teaches the South Ridge school, boards at Charles Aldrich's at the village and is carried to and from her school by Mr. Aldrich's people, two and a half miles.

EAST BARNET.

Several from here attended the funeral of Mrs. George Galbraith Thursday.

John Morse, who has been dangerously sick the past week, is on the gain.

Mrs. George Barker and sons are spending this week with her brother, John Bandy.